

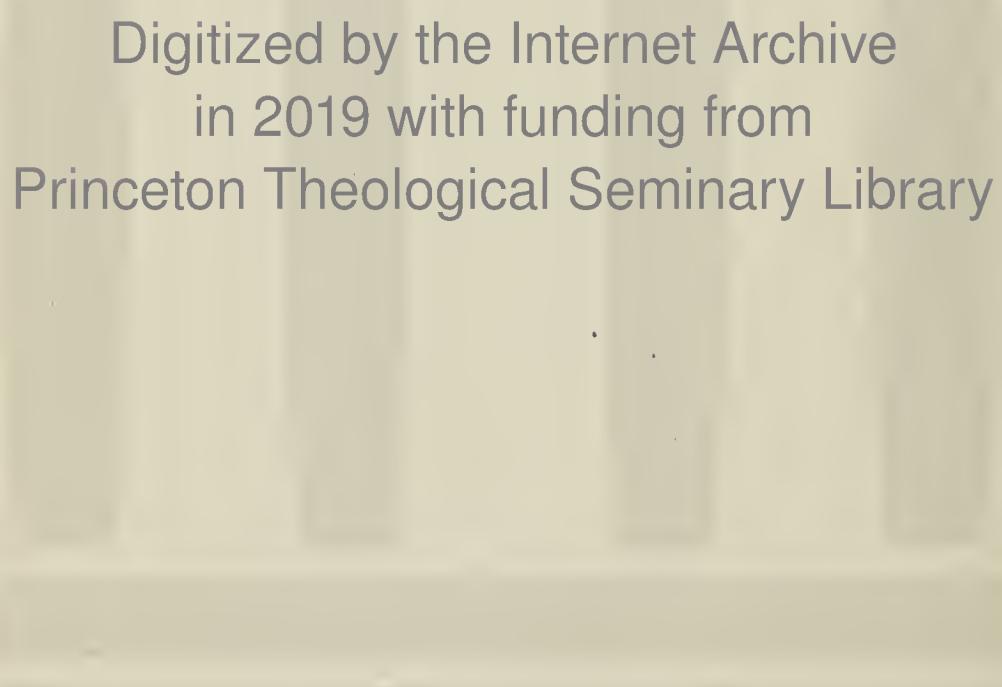
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Howard Crosby Butler





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HOWARD
CROSBY
BUTLER







HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER

1872-1922



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HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER

To H. C. B.

CHARLES W. KENNEDY

Of thee, whom honor drew
As moon the sea,
What words have we that knew
For elegy?

Lover of truth, thou art
Where all is true;
The whole that of the part
Death doth renew.

Lover of beauty thou,
Beyond all art
Made one with beauty now,
And beauty's heart.

Lover of chivalry
And gentleness,
Gently death deal with thee,
And slow time bless.

THE MASTER

TOM ENGLISH

“I go to wake the dead.” The master spoke,
And striking in the desert with his spade,
He turned the clay dead ages had o’erlaid
Upon the graves of empires, whence awoke
The city of great Croesus’ golden folk,—
Streets, squares, and temples wondrously
displayed
To eyes of men and heaven’s high parade,
Which timeless, changeless, views time’s
changing stroke.

This was our master, who has journeyed hence,
Beyond the frontiers of earth’s desert day,
On some dim quest he never may reveal.
How far the way, the night how murky-dense,
It matters not; his Master’s word of sway
Will bid him wake at last to endless weal.

HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER

VARNUM LANSING COLLINS

HOWARD BUTLER was born at Croton Falls, New York, on March 7, 1872, the son of Edward Marchant and Helen Belden (Crosby) Butler. Receiving his early education from private tutors and at Lyons Collegiate Institute, New York City—his mother taught him his Latin,—he entered the Berkeley School in October 1888 to prepare for sophomore standing at Princeton. Letters of his, written to his parents before he was ten years old, promised traits and gifts that were to mark his maturity. They reveal charmingly his more than boyish anxiety for the welfare of his farm animals, his chickens, turkeys and sheep, and “tough little ducks;” a love of flowers and hills and the open air is very apparent; trees arching a country lane stir his delight; he wonders with evident concern how nearly the new farmhouse at home is approaching completion; and he observes that there are “lots of churches” in the town he is visiting, “something that they did not have at Coney Island” where he had spent one afternoon. Most significant of all, in view of his subsequent career, was his childhood habit of collecting news-

paper clippings describing the arrivals and sailings of ocean steamships, and, as he grew older, clippings of travel and archaeological discovery. It was as if, even in those early years, he were already dreaming and planning.

Against this background of life in the open amid growing things, and of interests as varied as they were keen, sobered by the brooding fascination of an elder world that beckoned to him from beyond the sea, he had grown into a quiet lad of already unmistakable personality. One of his Berkeley School contemporaries, two or three forms below him, has written this recollection:

There were certain characteristics about Howard Butler that never lost their impression. As a younger boy in school, I remember he was always the courteous, thoughtful gentleman, and although we naturally met but seldom, he always responded with a greeting, the personal and yet perfectly appropriate spirit of which I can never forget. Perhaps I met him a dozen times in my life and never under any except every day circumstances, and yet my impression of him today is more vivid than of any one else of so passing an acquaintance. I feel sure he must have impressed many in this mysterious way; and yet it is not strange if one realizes the true strength of his personality and the unusual gentleness of his address.

In September 1889 he entered the Class of 1892 at Princeton as a Sophomore, rooming in his first year at No. 33 North Edwards Hall. During his last two years as an undergraduate he occupied No. 7 Reunion Hall. At a time when campus life was ruder than now and the life of a Sophomore in particular was that of an Ishmael against whom every hand was lifted, his refinement of manner, dress, and speech singled him out immediately and deceived his classmates as to the strength of will and unhesitant courage that lay beneath his calm exterior, much as his mediocre standing during his Sophomore and Junior years gave but slight indication of his latent powers. Careless campus assessment, prone to judge at first by externals, is the explanation of the nickname "Mabel" that was swiftly given him; but campus judgment usually comes out right at last, and it was not long before Howard Butler won prominence in the affection and respect of the Class.

His choices of study lay in History, the languages, and Ancient and Modern Art; and in Art and the languages he ultimately held high rank. He already knew his Classics and English Literature. Later he learned to speak French and Italian fluently, and Arabic, Turkish and Modern Greek sufficiently well to dispense with interpreters if necessary, al-

though he was never a serious student of languages. A well-known professor at Princeton still cherishes the photograph of a class in Dante, whose members for their last recitation disguised themselves as ruffians of the Mafia, and none in the group looks blood-thirstier than Butler. He accepted initiation into the American Whig Society but, one imagines, only because every undergraduate at Princeton in the eighteen-nineties was expected to belong to one or the other of her ancient twin literary societies; his tastes were too individual and delicate to permit him to be an active Hall member; by nature he was neither a debater nor an orator, but rather a reader and a dream-builder.

During his Junior year he helped to organize an eating-club called "The Inn" which later became "Tiger Inn," and for which he designed eventually the clubhouse on Prospect Avenue. The year following his graduation he was also one of a group of congenial spirits (among whom were Jesse Lynch Williams and Booth Tarkington) who styled themselves "The Coffee House" with the avowed intention of reading together classic English plays, but who actually found themselves given over to discussing everything in general and thus each week settling the affairs of the universe. "My recollections of the 'Coffee House,' "

however, writes one of its members, "are among the most precious of my college course, and I derived no little benefit from those gatherings and from the gentle and at all times thoughtful and intelligent criticism of Butler." Tarkington, then a Senior with a pen gifted in more ways than one, saved to posterity the name of this coterie by doing for the college annual a charming little drawing, in eighteenth century manner, of the "Coffee House" in session, its members frankly engaged in anything but serious reading.

Howard Butler's most important contribution to extra-curricular life at Princeton was the prominent share he had during his Senior year in reviving the University Dramatic Association, playing the part of Bianca in John Kendrick Bangs' "Katherine," and in the next Spring taking the character of Portia in "The Hon. Julius Caesar" by Post Wheeler and Tarkington. This was the play that may be said to have determined the transformation of the moribund Dramatic Association into the rollicking Triangle Club, of which Butler remained until his death a far-seeing director. It will not be thought, of course, that the Triangle Club even in its most inspired moments represented the range of his view of the place Drama should occupy in a liberal education. He had not learned his

Shakespeare by heart for nothing, nor was it in vain that throughout his life Shakespeare's plays were his favorite reading—next to the Bible, which he read daily. On the contrary, he was convinced that a time would come when Drama as an Art would be officially recognized and treated seriously at Princeton, and he died just as his expectation was becoming a reality.

One feature of the two productions mentioned was a novelty at Princeton of thirty years ago; they were musical comedies, the scores being written by a classmate of Butler. The latter's appreciation of music was genuine and not merely a social veneer; his crushing rebuke delivered one night at the Metropolitan Opera House (where he was an annual subscriber) to an individual who undertook to hum the score with the singer on the stage was the resentment of a keen lover of music whose taste and knowledge were inherited. This trait was noticeable in him as an undergraduate. The classmate-composer alluded to makes comment on this fact:

His personal charm, his love of the beautiful and the poetry in life, his love of music were all by-products of a character independent of association or environment. It was at the point of music that our lives most intimately touched. My memory now turns to long winter evenings

when Butler would drop into my room in North Dod, with a request for 'something good.' As I played he would sit and dream—of what, who knows?—until the end. His love of fine music was pictorial and he often expressed his visualizations after some selection that especially appealed. They were always the expressions of a poet. At these times he impressed me as a being superior to his surroundings, a man apart, untouched by environment. In fact, he always gave me that sensation even when we were indulging in the frivolity of a Triangle Club burlesque. I have seen him but seldom in these later years but each time he appeared finer. Purity of thought and action was always his, and the intervening years seemed merely to polish and refine the strong character that I had always known.

II

IN June 1892 he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, being awarded a Fellowship in Art and Archaeology. The Senior Class *Nassau Herald* had recorded him as expecting to enter the profession of law—a more grotesque choice he could not have made; but the ensuing year of graduate study at Princeton was spent under the immeasurable inspiration of Professor Allan Marquand, at whose home "Guernsey Hall" he resided, and that year decided irrevocably the course his life should follow. Considering his inher-

itance of love for the Fine Arts and the Humanities, love of music and good books, love of living things and the calm beauty of Nature, his decision to devote himself to Architecture, and particularly to Ancient Architecture, is not difficult to explain. Viewing Architecture as an art rather than as a technical science, and reading in its monuments and history an expression of the lives of men since the days of mankind's most primitive shelters, he found in it the most elemental and oldest of human appeals; and his was the type of mind in which the human appeal invariably found response. It was not filial devotion alone that took him regularly back throughout his life to the little family circle still living in his boyhood home, to advise and superintend, or to carry out—if need be with his own hands—the planting of the garden, the setting out of shrubbery, or the making of those little changes and renovations that express one's love for a place where one's roots go deep. Beautifully devoted as he was to that small household, these occupations were also expressions of himself, outcroppings of a dominant strain, satisfactions of personal needs.

At Commencement in June 1893 he received the degree of Master of Arts on examination. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was

now open to him, but he was too eager to get ahead with independent research of his own to give the time to acquiring any additional degrees. Accordingly that autumn he enrolled himself under Professor Ware's guidance in the School of Architecture at Columbia University, applying himself to the technical side of the architect's profession. In 1895 he was called back to Princeton as Lecturer on Architecture, remaining the two academic years of 1895-1896 and 1896-1897. At the Sesquicentennial Celebration of the founding of Princeton, held in 1896, he designed a beautiful Memorial Arch on Nassau Street, somewhat following the lines of the Arch of Trajan at Beneventum. Another of his creations at Princeton was the memorial tablet that hung in Marquand Chapel commemorating the heroic death of two Princeton missionaries in the Boxer Rebellion. Appointed for the year 1897-1898 University Fellow in Archaeology at the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, he spent the year abroad.

As far back as his Junior year at college he had been deeply interested in Count Melchior de Vogué's well-known record of his tour through Central Syria in 1861-62, the published report and plates of which had remained the principal if not the only source of information regarding Pagan and Christian Archi-

tecture in that region. Correspondence with the older scholar began an acquaintance which visits to Paris ripened into warm friendship, so that when Mr. Butler at length proposed to extend and complete de Vogüé's explorations, he not only received most cordial encouragement but was given the note-books and maps of the earlier journey. It may be added here that he remained on the most intimate terms with M. de Vogüé and eventually found himself one of the few Americans—or was he not the only one?—invited to contribute to the "Florilegium" presented to the Count on his eightieth birthday.

Thus began what has been called his quest among the ghost cities of the Syrian Wilderness and at the buried metropolis of Sardis, a quest which has been one of the modern romances, as an editorial in *The New York Times* happily phrased it, "where he put the Recoverer by the side of the Discoverer in the field of scientific adventure."

It is not necessary to tell here the story of that quest in detail; it may be read far more convincingly in the Reports that have been published, and in the estimate of Mr. Butler's professional work that is to appear in the *American Journal of Archaeology*. But for the present purpose it is in point to quote two sentences from his statement of its origination

as he expressed it in an article published in the *Century Magazine* of June 1903, containing a curious resurgence and vindication of his youthful wondering habit.

In reading M. de Vogué's book one wonders what there may be beyond and on each side of his route; for he says that there were many great ruins to be seen in the distance which could not be reached for lack of time. And it was from wondering what might be beyond, that an American archaeological expedition was organized in 1899 to extend M. de Vogué's work and verify his drawings by the camera.

This was Butler's first expedition into the Syrian Desert and was made possible by the generous patronage of a group of friends. Its purpose was clearly explained in the preface to his volume on "Architecture and Other Arts" in Part II of the "Publications of an American Archaeological Expedition to Syria, 1899-1900," where he says:

It was the plan of this American expedition, so far as the study of architecture was concerned, first to visit all the sites reached by M. de Vogué, to verify the measurements of monuments already published and to take photographs of all such monuments; second, to study the unpublished monuments at the same sites for publication; and third, to extend the search for ruins into unexplored territory and to determine, as far

as possible, the geographical limits of the region that produced the particular styles of architecture known to exist in this section.

This plan was quite thoroughly carried out in Northern Central Syria:

All the sites visited by de Vogué were reached, published and unpublished monuments were measured and photographed, and search in unexplored territory was rewarded by the discovery of many sites with important architectural remains. Several unpublished monuments were found in places known to explorers and a strikingly large number of buildings was found with dated inscriptions from the first century B.C. to the beginning of the seventh century A.D.

The result was that the expedition was able not only to corroborate the general conclusions of de Vogué but also to correct them in many instances, while adding largely to his epigraphical results and to scientific knowledge of the architecture and vanished life of the region.

But the Syrian Desert had not absorbed all of Howard Butler's attention. He had the gift of being able to work easily, to pick up a task where he had left it, and to carry it on without any loss of momentum. Interruptions never seemed to check him. And so, amid his multitudinous and harassing duties as director of the Syrian expeditions, two acci-

dental summer visits to Scotland had been utilized in studying the ruins of Scottish abbeys, partly from purely architectural motives and partly also for the pleasure of recreating their historic and romantic story. The materials thus gathered became his volume, published in 1900, on "Scotland's Ruined Abbeys," of which the London *Spectator* remarked that the author had struck "a happy medium between Dry-as-Dust and the late Mr. Ruskin," and for which the illustrations were his own pen-and-ink sketches. Successive visits to Greece and particularly a stay at Athens, when as a student in the American School at Rome he had enjoyed the hospitality of the American School at Athens, gave him the material of his popular volume "The Story of Athens" published in 1902, a volume which inevitably suffers of course from the impossibility of compressing the history of the City of the Violet Crown into five hundred pages. The sole purpose of the book was to give a simple unpretentious sketch of the life and art of Athens from its beginning to the present, as recorded in ancient literature and in the monuments that time has spared. In this volume Mr. Butler's line drawings of Athenian monuments are often quite remarkable. His talent with pen and ink as well as his skill as a technical draughtsman is plentifully shown in the illus-

trations of his books and in the plates of the Reports of his expeditions.

In 1901 he was re-appointed Lecturer on Architecture at Princeton and held this position during the academic years 1901-1902 to 1904-1905 inclusive, being then promoted to a professorship of Art and Archaeology. He retained this title until the end of the year 1918-1919 when the name of his chair was changed to that of History of Architecture.

Four years after the return in 1900 of the American Archaeological Expedition to Syria, he organized a second, under the auspices of Princeton University. This expedition had a somewhat different aim from that of its predecessor; it purposed to study important sites and groups of less important sites more in detail and to extend research into new fields only in a few clearly defined localities. And in the Spring of 1909 he headed a third expedition to Syria to complete the work begun four years earlier but interrupted by bad weather conditions and a shortage of food. Although brief in duration this expedition proved to be exceptionally successful. The materials collected were chiefly epigraphical and of very great importance. Several volumes of reports containing the results of these expeditions have been published, reports in which other Princeton scholars also

have their important part, forming a monument of American scholarship in the field of Christian Archaeology; his own share in the series will be indicated by the Bibliography printed later in these pages. But it is well to remember that it was his vision, his energy and persuasiveness, his directing skill—or if one prefers to sum it up in the word his former students most frequently use in speaking of him—his insistent and unflagging enthusiasm that made these scholarly volumes possible.

III

A WARM sympathizer with the plan of a residential graduate college which had been discussed in Princeton councils since 1896, he accepted in 1905 the post of Master in Residence at "Merwick," the Graduate House opened as an experiment on the lines of the proposed college. He remained in office when the experiment became a permanent success and the Graduate College itself was dedicated in 1913, and he was Master until his death. It was at this post that the influence of his personality was greatest. To anyone who observed him only casually and was unfamiliar with the character of "the Master," as he was called, he seemed to be living his own existence oblivious to the fret of petty details, going to his lecture appointments on the campus and returning

immediately to his tower rooms at the Graduate College to pursue his own avocation. Unquestionably, he refused to allow himself to be held down by minor administrative rules (such for example as reporting names of absentees from classes) although admittedly such rules are indispensable to the proper discipline of American undergraduates; he served on no committees of the Faculty unless they had to do with his own department (frequent absences from Princeton would have made his usefulness at best only intermittent); nevertheless, himself an enormous worker, he was capable of infinite pains, unsparing of himself in the field of his larger responsibilities and opportunity, and unceasing in his real interest in the men about him. To criticize him as oblivious, aloof, or cold, would be a judgment than which it is difficult to find one more erroneous.

The unpublished annals of "Merwick" contain valuable testimony to his methods:

Many a time have difficulties disappeared under his calm and sane attention. His advice, wise and kindly, was sparingly given. To teach us to solve our own problems, to stand upon our own feet, was his aim. And much as we profited by a word fitly spoken, I think we learned an even more valuable lesson from his example. He was never hurried and never abrupt. He seemed to

create an atmosphere of scholarly leisure; yet what a worker! He lectured twelve hours a week; he corrected personally and painstakingly a mass of notebooks; he superintended the whole running of the house. Beside his formal duties, he was drawing plates and ceaselessly working on the publications springing from his archaeological researches. Not only was he publishing the results of past work but he was finding funds and making preparations of every sort for coming trips to the Near East. In addition to a scholarly mind, he possessed great organizing ability and a surprising power of doing two things at once. Often have I seen him taking part in a general conversation while the architectural plate grew in beauty and complexity beneath his calmly moving fingers. He seemed to turn his attention entirely and instantly from one subject to another.

At the Graduate College, his duties required constant daily exercise of executive ability on a larger scale in the material administration of the building, tact and firmness in the organization and general guidance of the domestic life of the place, and a still wider range of sympathies in the personal advice and help he was always ready to give. "I shall never forget," says a foreign student who resided at the College at two separate periods, "I shall never forget how, in spite of the vast amount of work he did, he never was too busy to help any of his students, or fellow-workers,

as he always regarded us." Seeming to have but few intimate friends, he was on the other hand a constant and genuine friend not only to successive groups of students, graduate and undergraduate, in his own department, but to all who during the past decade have been residents of the Graduate College. His doors were open in the evening to any who sought his counsel or merely dropped in for a chat. This genuine unobtrusive friendliness was not limited to the scholars in the community on the hill; the Greek serving-men there loved him; he personally supervised the education of one or two promising boys from Greece; frequently he was to be seen pausing on Nassau Street in Princeton to chat with townspeople on a footing of familiarity that one associates with a wayside village on the New York-Albany Postroad; undergraduates, just beginning to find themselves, discovered in him an adviser to whom they could bring their questions without reserve.

One of his former students speaks of his exceptional quality of sensitive understanding of the student's point of view, the grasp he had of each individual's attitude of mind; he always evinced a ready sympathy for their difficulties, and would gradually set forth their path by feeling out their own logic for them, tempering it all with what his conscience and

his experience told him was the truth. Few realized until afterwards, if ever, what his service had really been.

As his courses grew in popularity," continues this writer, "more and more men took them with the expectation that they would prove less exacting than others. Such men began by being amused at his humour, then became interested by his pictures of by-gone times, and ended by being enthralled by his personality, and converts to a love of the Fine Arts. Whatever may have been their first impression his students came unfailingly to admire his scholarship and to realize that in him a love of the Fine Arts was without any suspicion of 'pose.' The astonishing success he had as a teacher, the keen and enduring appreciation he evoked for the beauties of architecture, were due as much to the unaffected genuineness of his own personality, as to the enthusiasm he himself possessed and which he inspired in others.

It is true, as another of his students has written with regard to Mr. Butler's qualities as a teacher, that he was no taskmaster; no one who loved him can be so blind as not to have seen that he was lenient.

He did not seem to expect his students to do long readings, to write voluminous reports, or to clear up the field of each topic with religious completeness. The exacting research of scholarship he had probably found irksome himself and

so did not require it of his students. His own broad and detailed knowledge of architecture had been gathered from the very monuments, and his memory was such that he could revive with photographic accuracy almost every architectural element that he had ever seen or touched. Hence his own mind served him as a first-hand reference library and he was not insistent upon the importance of second-hand reference work in the bibliography of architecture. Always and especially he was a student of men, and his interest in architecture was in its human actuality rather than in its unhuman science. So that he probably found books of pedantic scholarship dull and lifeless save as they threw some light upon the real problems of excavation and restoration; and in these he was boyishly enthusiastic and scrupulously exact.

But when one comes to the things he gave, both to those who studied under him and to those who just came to be with him, analysis is baffling. While he never seemed to insist that men should work, and at times seemed to connive with them in scholastic indulgence, he fired everyone about him with an enthusiasm for architecture. And enthusiasm is the first step towards work. The way this power of his to kindle a flame of vital interest acted upon so many and such different types of men still passes our understanding. It was magic. Perhaps it was not architecture at all but his own superb enthusiasm that swept away all barriers, save those of love and respect, between him and his young friends

and simply made men interested in what he enjoyed. This however can not be the secret, as he was ever more interested in the individual than in anything of his own. That interest in others was the power which drew men to him, made them unburden themselves and seek his advice. It was simply that young men came to love him with a devotion which made them want what he wanted. Certainly his power of putting the student at his ease, freeing his mind of self-conscious inhibitions, had something to do with his power of awaking an interest in architecture. It was strange how he could help men to discover their own minds."

"Another factor that worked upon his students was the clarity of both his memory and his power of description. From the storehouse of his experience he could rebuild pictures in words, add graphic particulars to the slightest detail, and make his subject a fascinating game. I think we all came at one time or another to look upon him as an ideal; many went so far as to affect his calm and manner; all of us dreamed of storing our minds with the vast amount of material that seemed to flow so freely from his."

Readers of these pages will have caught the recurring reference to Howard Butler's manner; it is found even in the recollection of him as a boy. It was as much a part of his elusive character as his immaculateness amid the dust and heat of excavation labor, or his insistence,

when in the field, on having afternoon tea served as regularly as if he were in a well-appointed club instead of a tent in the Syrian Desert. It was not that he demanded luxury —far from it, for he had not been so brought up and moreover he carried responsibilities that forbade luxurious self-indulgence. It was rather that his philosophy of life insisted that the surest method of overcoming discomfort and the vexatious was to ignore them good-naturedly, certainly to minimize them, render them unimportant, and meanwhile to make all that one might of the little graces and ameliorations of existence. This was the secret of his imperturbability. And his outward concessions to personal well-being never hindered him in his tasks; his field-notes and diaries were always up to date, his manuscript always the first to be ready for the printer. He carried with him wherever he might be an atmosphere of serenity and graciousness, not an external finish, superficial and assumed, or acquired through years of polite living; but, to continue these words of one who knew him long and well, “an inner poise, a free and lovely attitude of spirit toward all outward things, so that at once life became simpler, finer, and living itself a fine art.” His presence in a room seemed immediately to lift its tone; never was he rough-voiced, never bitter nor petty, never

in ugly mood, never even bearing himself with depressing carriage, but creating always a buoyant sense of fine beauty in life.

“With this went the stronger quality of justice, the quality of seeing with another’s eyes; instinctively one felt that no personal consideration, no narrow outlook, hampered his justness. He went straight to the heart of any trouble, eliminating unessentials and illuminating the point so simply that doubts vanished and decision became easy. I believe this quality came both from his sympathetic understanding of people and his clear thinking. His mind worked like a fine machine, precise, accurate.”

Of his rare physical courage plenty of evidence is to be found in his Eastern experiences; his gentleness was not the gentleness of timidity but that of self-reliant strength that knows not fear. One quotation from his unpublished narrative of an encounter with the Bedawin during the Princeton Expedition of 1909, will suffice as an illustration:

“ . . . We had scarcely time to realize where we were before a band of twenty spearmen, well mounted, started in our direction at full gallop with the unmistakable war-cry of the Bedawin. These had scarcely left the tents when a second band, armed with rifles, dashed after their fellows. I realized at once the danger of our position. My four companions were in Syria for the first time, their experience with Arabs was hard-

ly a week old, they knew not a word of Arabic. There was no time to think, no chance to explain. Leaving them grouped about our dragoon, I rode directly toward the advancing horsemen coming on at full speed with spears set. I yelled at the top of my voice: 'Your guests are unarmed!' waving my arms to show that I was unarmed, as I always was among the Arabs. To my astonishment the appeal seemed to make no impression; the Arabs continued their charge, and for a moment I began to lose faith in Arab custom. But just as their spears seemed to reach my horse's nose, the band parted and in a second one group had surrounded me while the other made a ring around my party. Then pandemonium was let loose. They dismounted, holding fast our horses, though not a hand was laid upon one of us foreigners. They pulled the soldier [a guard] from his horse, took his rifle, and began to strip his cartridges from him. In the Babel of sound I could make out 'Who are you? What are you doing here?' Then as the shouts and excitement increased and our situation seemed at its worst, I saw a tall spare figure all in white mounted on a beautiful Arab horse, easily cantering up toward us, his mantle floating out behind him."

The newcomer was the great Shekh of the Anizeh and explanations proved that the explorers had been mistaken for hostile raiders.

Thorough acquaintance with the Eastern mind and with the etiquette of the Desert, exquisite tact and unerring judgment, to-

gether with those other qualities of heart and spirit that gave him his hold on men of his own race, placed Mr. Butler on immediate good terms with Arab, Druse, Greek or Turk. In a delightful series of unpublished "Sketches of the Druses," he describes how Hassan, the Shekh of Tarba, became convinced that he must send his two young sons to America to be educated under Mr. Butler's care; how he was called father and brother by warlike chiefs because he had used his good offices with the Governor of Damascus on their behalf; and how he was formally desired to request the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, to appoint him governor of the Druses.

But if he made this impression on half-wild dwellers of the wilderness, he was no less genuinely admired and trusted in the highest circles of the Ottoman Empire. The simple Druses were amazed to learn that he had talked face to face with the Sultan and had even smoked a cigarette with His Imperial Majesty. One of his warmest and most influential friends in the East was Halil Edhem Bey, the distinguished Director of the Imperial Ottoman Museum at Constantinople, and the formal message which the latter sent, on Mr. Butler's death, to the President of Princeton University, made no attempt to hide the note of personal loss. This even more plainly

permeates a private letter written by him to one of Butler's colleagues, by whose permission it is quoted:

Rentré ici après un long séjour en Suisse à cause de ma santé, quelle ne fut ma douleur d'apprendre le décès inattendu de Mons. Butler. J'ai déjà fait parvenir, par l'entremise de Mons. l'amiral Bristol, l'expression de ma profonde condoléance à l'Université de Princeton. Permettez-moi de vous dire aussi combien j'ai été affligé de cette perte immense et irréparable aussi bien pour la science que pour ses amis. Depuis de longues années que j'avais le bonheur d'être en relations avec lui, j'ai pu toujours constater sa droiture et son caractère fin et délicieux. Ma tristesse s'est augmentée de ce fait qu'il avait dit en quittant Constantinople qu'il irait me voir en Suisse. Et je l'attendais longuement, hélas, en vain. Monsieur Butler s'est érigé lui-même un monument par ses importantes publications et par les fouilles de Sardes. J'aime à esperer que ces travaux seront repris par des collaborateurs distingués comme vous.

Je vous serais bien reconnaissant, si vous voudriez bien présenter à l'honorable famille de notre regretté ami mes plus profonds sentiments de sympathie.

IV

MR. BUTLER'S stay in America, after the last Princeton expedition to Syria came home, was destined to be short, for his most ambitious

dream was now shaping itself—the miracle which was to transform a barley-field into the site of a splendid building and to recover the art and life and romance of an ancient royal city in Asia Minor. This was the excavation of Sardis. The antiquity of the site, its importance in history, and its geographical position made it appear almost certain that Sardis held the key to many different historical and archaeological problems. These words of his own express the purpose controlling his formation of the American Society for the Excavation of Sardis. Backed by the generous support of the Society and the cordial co-operation of the Turkish authorities,—it was at the suggestion of Hamdi Bey, then Director of the Imperial Ottoman Museum, that he had applied for permission to excavate Sardis—he assembled his staff, bought his equipment, hired his laborers, and in March 1910 began actual work at the ancient Lydian capital.

At the close of his first campaign at this spot, his archaeological work, which had long since attracted attention, now received distinguished recognition. In the Autumn of 1910 he was awarded the Lucy Wharton Drexel Medal “for his researches in Syria and his publications thereon, and for his recent excavations at Sardes.” So runs the language of the

award which, it may be recalled is made "for the best archaeological excavation, or for the best publication based on archaeological excavation, by an English speaking scholar within the previous five years."

The promise of the first campaign at Sardis was brilliantly fulfilled. Writing in *Scribner's Magazine* in 1914, after four campaigns but only eighteen months of actual working-time, he summed up in these words the progress made:

"A sloping barley-field, with two columns and a heap of fallen column-drums clustering about them, has been converted into a vast pit over six hundred feet long and four hundred feet wide, twelve feet deep at one end and fifty feet deep at the other, with four lines of railway on either side running on four different levels and spreading out towards the west, over the great flat brown dump which now almost fills the broad river-bed at this point. In the midst of the excavation stands the Temple, its every outline at the far end marked out by marble foundations against the brown earth, its middle section outlined by walls standing at a height of six feet or more, and its east end rising majestically in highly finished walls fifteen to twenty feet high, and thirteen huge columns still preserving twenty-five to thirty feet of their original height, in addition to the two original columns which tower almost sixty feet above the platform."

Such was still the general appearance of the excavation when he re-visited it in the Spring of 1922. The introductory volume of the long series planned to cover the variety of materials brought back to light came from Mr. Butler's pen and was published in the Summer of 1922. Even to the layman in archaeology it is a fascinating narrative, full of human sympathy and dramatic detail. Happily, Mr. Butler's second volume on Sardis, that on the great Temple of Artemis, is ready to appear. Architecturally, the Temple is thus far the chief single result of the excavation; but the little buried Christian church unearthed in 1912—successor of “the Church in Sardis” of which St. John wrote—grips one's imagination perhaps more than the glorious structure overshadowing it. The most important discovery from a scientific point of view, in addition to the large collection of Lydian texts, is obviously that of the Lydian-Aramaic bilingual key, dating from the fourth or fifth century before Christ and making possible the initial steps toward deciphering the “new old” Lydian language. As for the other finds—the many tombs and inscriptions, the pottery, the vessels of bronze and silver, alabaster and glass, the jewelry of gold and precious stones, the necklaces and rings and other personal ornaments—they connote the

joys, the loves and aspirations, and also the tragedies, of human beings more than twenty centuries ago. But the work at Sardis was stopped by the European War and during the eight years that followed 1914 the director devoted himself to duties closer at home.

V

IN April 1916 the Princeton Architectural Association was organized by a group of thirty-eight Princeton graduates, chiefly architects, who were all formerly students in the Department of Art and Archaeology and who with but two exceptions had received their preliminary training under Mr. Butler. In view of the great increase of undergraduate interest in the study of architecture, this Association memorialized the Board of Trustees of Princeton University on the feasibility of establishing a school of Architecture at Princeton, not as an outgrowth of an engineering or technical department, as was the case with most of the existing American schools of architecture, but as a development out of the Department of Art and Archaeology. Already the instruction in the Department was saving for three to five men annually one to two years in the professional schools. Mr. Butler was asked by the Board to draw up a statement of the feasibility

of such a development. His conclusions were set forth in a carefully prepared report presented to the Board in October 1916. The proposal of such a school at Princeton was not new; fifteen years earlier it had been discussed, and after consultation with several distinguished American architects, notably the late Charles F. McKim, Mr. Butler had drawn up a statement of the plan he had in mind of teaching architecture rather as a Fine Art than solely as a technical profession. "This means," said he, "that students in architecture shall, in their undergraduate days, be members of the Department of Art and shall study the history and appreciation of sculpture and painting as well as the purely architectural subjects," and the undergraduate course was to be followed by at least two years of graduate study. Mr. Butler took the opportunity at this time to set forth a still broader conception—the future development of a College of Fine Arts at Princeton, a group of schools in which not only Architecture but Sculpture and Painting might be taught, all to be based on the humanistic liberal studies as their essential background and foundation.

A special committee was appointed to consider his primary recommendation as to a School of Architecture, and in 1917 a site was designated and part of the necessary funds

for additional equipment and staff was procured. Progress was delayed on account of the war; but in 1920 the School was at length organized with Mr. Butler as Director, the staff increased, and the plans for an addition to the Museum of Historic Art being approved, in 1921 the erection of McCormick Hall, designed particularly for the new School and owing its material existence principally to the generosity of the McCormick family, was begun. Its endowment was the gift of the Class of 1895 of Princeton University. The building was occupied in the Autumn of 1922.

During the European War Mr. Butler's first-hand knowledge of the East enabled him to render service both to the British War Office and to the United States' "Commission of Inquiry." In the "Inquiry's" preparation of material for the Peace Conference, work upon Turkish problems was centered at Princeton, and here his familiarity with conditions in the Turkish Empire and especially his intimate knowledge of the Arab sector were of great assistance. Those with whom he worked have commented upon his admirable political judgment and on the fine quality of kindness and understanding that marked his convictions. The help he gave to the British War Office is best described in his own words in an article which appeared in the June 1922 number of

the *News Letter of the Princeton Engineering Association*. It was evident, he says, that the fascicules published up to 1914 by the American and Princeton Expeditions to Syria had not contained all the maps contemplated by the expeditions.

"Early in the war," he continues, "a letter came to me from a Professor in Oxford [D. C. Hogarth] who was well acquainted with our work in Syria, asking if I were too neutral in thought to supply the British War Office with notes and tracings of the maps of Syria which we had not yet published. My reply brought a formal request from the War Office for the use of this material. I had already begun to prepare tracings of some of the maps drawn by Edward R. Stoever, who had been making maps for our publications from F. A. Norris's notes [both Princeton engineers], and in addition to draw other maps from the great mass of surveyor's notes made by both Garrett [also a Princeton engineer] and Norris, which had never been reduced to drawings. To the ordinary surveys and route maps I added from my own notes and those of the others all sorts of information about the country, the tribes, the wells, the fertile places, the ancient roads, etc. In a few weeks the maps were finished and shipped to Egypt, and I learned later, from the General Staff, that our maps were the only ones that General Allenby had, for several sections of the journey made by his troops on the east of Jordan."

Mr. Butler belonged to several learned societies—the Archaeological Institute of America, the American Institute of Architects, the Architectural League, the American Oriental Society, the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies, the Oriental Club of Philadelphia, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; and he was a Trustee of the American Schools of Oriental Research. He was particularly active in the Archaeological Institute. He had been president of the New Jersey Society of the Institute and a member of the Council, besides being placed on several committees. At the meeting of the Institute in December 1920 he was appointed chairman of the committee to reorganize the *American Journal of Archaeology*, and a year later was appointed one of three members of the Institute to form a Research Commission (its membership was later increased to seven) to prepare a general plan for all projects of exploration, excavation, and publication in all fields of archaeology, to be undertaken by America; and he was unanimously elected chairman of the Commission. The Institute spread upon its minutes of December 1922 the tribute to his memory quoted on a later page. Similar action was taken by the Oriental Club of Philadelphia.

VI

CAREFUL inquiry during the Winter of 1921 had indicated that operations at Sardis might be resumed, and early in the Spring of 1922 members of the excavation staff went out to take up the work, Mr. Butler himself arriving in the middle of May. His Class of 1892 at Princeton had been assuming paternal, if jocular, oversight of his work in the East, and for several years he had been required to report at Class reunions and dinners on the progress of his labor—to what end was he directing excavations, men asked, save to the greater glory of the Class? These demands he used to meet with constant good humor, fully entering into their spirit; and, illustrating his talks with photographs and other material, never failed to capture his audience. Obedient to the familiar call he wrote on May 22, from Sardis, a characteristically modest letter for the Class, to be read at the Thirtieth Reunion in June. From this letter the passages that follow are taken:

“You can’t imagine my sensations on revisiting the old dig after eight years’ absence. The hole in the ground with the Temple in the middle of it has changed little, except that the raw earth is now grass-grown, pasture for sheep and goats. Most of the important objects in the excavation were untouched. But our house which was a com-

plete wreck is still only a faint semblance of its former self. Our big dining-room has a huge tent fly where the roof used to be, and we use ladders instead of stairs; for Kemal and his men had gutted the house of every stick of wood. Nevertheless we are quite comfortable, and our native cook is a chef of no mean order. The wine too is of very excellent quality, so that I find life very much more cheerful than in the arid deserts of the U. S. A.—and this country has a reputation for being a desert!

“Most of the work this year has been and will be devoted to getting things into shape again, securing the excavation from further filling up and protecting what is left . . . Little excavation has been carried on this season; but one small dig yielded a little pot containing thirty gold staters of Croesus, all in perfect condition.

“Yesterday being Sunday and there being no chapel, we took a long walk starting out at 6 a.m. and getting back at 6 p.m. We had shots at three wild boars—one of them as large as a small cow—but missed them all. The weather is wonderfully fine; today has been almost too cool, and I am sitting inside by a hot lamp wearing a sweater and a thick coat. I think I shall spend about three weeks more on this job and then take a little jaunt in Greece and Italy.

“If you receive this in time perhaps you will read or show parts of it to the Class during the Reunion. In any event I hope you will tell the fellows how deeply I regret being away from Princeton at this time. Those of them who have

families will perhaps be able to imagine how they would feel if they had not seen one of their children in eight years. Syria and Sardis are my two children. The opportunity came to see Sardis and I could not resist even if I had to miss our great gathering in Princeton. Give my love to all the Class and to all friends in the Burgh. I shall drink the toast on the appointed day."

He left Sardis for the "little jaunt" as he had planned, going by way of Smyrna and Constantinople, where he wrote a letter to his mother on her birthday, and after revisiting Athens finally with two of his colleagues arrived at Taormina in July. Here on the 31st he was taken with some form of intestinal fever which left him greatly weakened. Seven days later he was able to travel, and the party motored across the island to Palermo, Mr. Butler glad to be again en route, and intending to boat to Naples, where they arrived on the 9th of August. He left on the 10th for Paris to keep an engagement with his publisher. During his illness he acted with his customary cheerfulness, minimizing discomforts, and repeating that he was not ill but merely weak. He reached Paris much exhausted on Friday evening, the 11th, and was taken to a hotel. His friends in Paris did not know of his arrival. Saturday he rested, but insisted that reservations be engaged on the

boat-train for London the next afternoon, expecting to sail for home from England on the 19th. His condition becoming visibly worse even to the strangers among whom he found himself, he was carried to the American Hospital at Neuilly on Sunday afternoon, August 13. He died that evening.¹ His body was brought back to America and was buried at Croton Falls on September 6, from the little Presbyterian church which he had designed. The old minister who conducted the service of his burial was the one who had baptized him as a child.

There is something profoundly touching in his joy at seeing Sardis again after eight years—and then to die so tragically. He had been granted more indeed than a glimpse of his promised land and had probably formed a rather definite estimate of the secrets it still has to reveal. His published work and unpublished manuscripts on the archaeology of the Syrian Desert and his two great volumes on distant Sardis and her Temple will remain his witness to a wondering that was richly answered; but the completion not only of this quest but also of his most cherished dream of some day excavating at Palmyra will be left to others. On a Christian tomb in Northern

¹It was my sad duty to identify his body the next day, August 14, 1922.—V. L. C.

Syria, discovered by his first expedition, is a Greek inscription cut some fourteen centuries ago, whose phrases might have been prophetically his own: "I sojourned well; I journeyed well; and well I lie at rest. Pray for me."¹

¹Publications of an American Archaeological Expedition to Syria, 1899-1900. Part III, Greek and Latin Inscriptions, edited by W. K. Prentice, No. 265. ἐπηδήμησα καλῶς, ἥλθα καλῶς, καὶ κīμε καλῶς. Εὕξηται ὑπὲρ ἡμοῦ.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

ON the afternoon of October 21, at the Graduate College, in the noble Procter Hall where his Latin Grace before Meat had become traditional, and amid surroundings most pervaded by his spirit and influence, a Service was held in his memory. On the dais under the great Memorial Window were President Hibben of Princeton University who presided, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History and lately Acting Chairman of the American Society for the Excavation of Sardis, Dr. Edward Robinson, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Dr. Henry van Dyke, Murray Professor of English Literature in Princeton University, the Right Reverend Paul Matthews, Bishop of New Jersey, the Reverend William Leroy Mudge of the Class of 1892, Colonel William Cooper Procter, Trustee of Princeton University and Chairman of the Trustees' Committee on the Graduate School, Ex-Minister John W. Garrett (an intimate friend and college-mate of Mr. Butler), Mr. Thomas Hastings, President of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects and member of the Advisory Board of Architects in the

Princeton School of Architecture, Professor Allan Marquand, Chairman of the Department of Art and Archaeology, Princeton University, Captain Robert B. O'Connor, the first graduate of the School of Architecture, and Professor Andrew F. West, Dean of the Graduate School. The High Table was decorated with chrysanthemums and autumn leaves, and a great log was blazing in the huge recessed fireplace. The flowers, the play of the firelight, the brilliant academic costumes, and the glory of the Window struck a note rather of triumph than of sadness. The Programme contained a reproduction of the last photograph of Mr. Butler (used also as the frontispiece of this book) and under the portrait were these sentences: "Sardis, wealthiest city in Asia after Babylon" (from Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*), "What think you of royal Sardis, home of Croesus? And what of Smyrna?" (from Horace's *Epistles*), and last of all the words of St. John the Divine: "And unto the angel of the church in Sardis write: They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy. And unto the angel of the church in Smyrna write: Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

After the Organ Prelude—the Air from Bach's "Suite in D"—played by Dr. Alexander Russell on the Organ and Mr. Francis W.

Roudebush on the violin, the Reverend Mr. Mudge read the Scripture Lesson from the twelfth and thirteenth chapters of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and then offered this Prayer:

“Eternal God, ever living, life giving, we give Thee thanks for the pure and noble life of our dearly loved friend who has gone from us to abide in fulness of joy forevermore. We pray that his gifts and graces may dwell as an influence in this place to make us better men, more worthy of our high calling.

“And as we linger yet a moment to speak with our Father, hear us, not in weak words of our own choosing, but in the words of eternal peace taught by our Elder Brother, our adorable Lord and Saviour:

“ ‘Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.’ ”

President Hibben then spoke:

PRESIDENT HIBBEN

WE meet today obeying an instinctive impulse common to all mankind—to honor their beloved dead. We come with mingled feelings of grief and yet of pride, bearing our tributes of praise and affection for one who has left us for a far country, whom even in our thoughts we may not follow and whom we cannot recall to his wonted place and labors in the Princeton which he devotedly loved and served. There are others, who will follow me this afternoon, who will speak of Howard Butler as the scholar and the explorer, and of his life and influence here as first Master in Residence of our Graduate College. It is fitting that I should dwell for a few moments upon his great value to the University as a teacher.

It does not always happen that one whose daily thoughts are running in the fields of observation and research should at the same time be willing and able to give himself unreservedly to the duties of teaching. Howard Butler, however, was able to combine happily the two functions of the scholar and of the teacher. He had a genius for teaching. In all his achievements in this sphere of his activi-

ties he gave an illustration of the truth that teaching is one of the Fine Arts. He gave himself with his whole soul and spirit to the students, sparing neither time nor energy in his zealous efforts to impart to them the secrets of knowledge and inspiring them with interest and enthusiasm for their work. He awakened their minds, quickened their intellectual curiosity and imparted to them a love of truth, so that life for them took on a new meaning. Through his example and influence they forgot the passing of time and even all fatigue in their studies. His was a marvelous achievement, the very triumph of teaching. Like the great masters of old, who looked upon the faces of their pupils and founded the schools of the Academy and the Lyceum, so Professor Butler conceived the idea of a school which should have a permanent name and place in our academic life. A small group of students pursuing the study of architecture under Professor Butler marked the beginning of the realization of his purpose. There soon followed the organization of the School of Architecture, with Professor Butler as its first Director. The enterprise developed rapidly until one and a half years ago the new McCormick Hall was begun and will soon be finished as the permanent home of the School.

The founder and director of this great enterprise has fallen in the midst of his labors and at the moment of the full fruition of his hope and expectations. The master mind has been withdrawn from its activities; the voice of counsel and of inspiration has been stilled. And yet if I could express his wish to-day, I am sure that he would have me say to those whose lives have been informed by his spirit and fashioned after his likeness that they must carry on this work so auspiciously begun, with unflagging zeal in the spirit of his desire and in his name. As your master and leader, one who wrapped himself wholly in his work, devoting his great gifts and labors first of all to the upbuilding of the strength and beauty of our Princeton life, he would urge upon you to seek, with the enthusiasm of his spirit and with a purpose made sacred by his death, the realization of that end toward which he had directed the course of his life and of which, I believe, in his last hours he was not unmindful.

Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn followed President Hibben, speaking of Mr. Butler as the Explorer.

PROFESSOR OSBORN

IN the Divine Comedy, Dante speaks of Ulysses, of exploration of the western seas and lands, of braving dangers, of overcoming obstacles, of offering home, family, friends, life itself, in the quest of the great unknown, its wonders, its beauties, its riches.

“O brothers!” I began, “who to the west
Through perils without number now have reach’d;
To this the short remaining watch, that yet
Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
Of the unpeopled world, following the track
Of Phoebus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang:
Ye were not form’d to live the lives of brutes,
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.”¹

For two thousand years our ancestors, thus inspired, were facing the setting sun, until the whole earth had been encircled by explorers.

Then, only a brief hundred years ago, the indomitable human spirit turned eastward, toward the rising sun, the Orient, toward the buried treasures and past beauties of the very

¹ Dante Alighieri, *Inferno* xxvi, ll. 112-120. Translated by the Rev. H. F. Cary, A.M.

peoples and civilizations which had been pressing westward from the dawn of history.

Led by Layard, Schliemann, Evans, and a host of others, and chiefly inspired by de Vogué, Howard Crosby Butler became a crusader in this eastward tide of exploration.

As a follower in his youthful Princeton days, and in the broad and deep discipline of his graduate years, he prepared himself.

A short seven years after graduation, namely in the year 1899, we find him in the deserts of North Central Syria in full command. No longer a follower, but a leader, imaginative, determined, successful, soon becoming distinguished. No one of us who knew the gentle and almost too gentlemanly student of art and the classics under Marquand and Frothingham would have divined his latent powers to command Orientals, whether Arabs, Bedouins, or Turks. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, he was first trusted, then almost idolized by his workmen.

It was the sterling integrity, as well as the consummate skill, of the work in Syria (1899-1909) which led to the highest distinction ever offered to an American and Christian explorer by a Mohammedan government, namely, the unsolicited *invitation* to enter and take command of the excavation of Sardis. The Turks knew they could trust Butler; they

knew that he was absolutely honorable. The difficulties of Sardis exploration had seemed insurmountable to others; the great period of civilization and culture of Asia Minor, just older than the Syrian and extending back to the Lydian and beyond, was buried fathoms deep. These deeply buried ruins were to be entered under his brilliant leadership between 1910 and 1922. His was the secret of self-forgetfulness in a great cause. Butler never spoke to us of himself, always of the workmen, of the colleagues, of the students, of the most beloved Alma Mater. He was driven on, not by ambition, but by love—love of his fellow men, love of his profession, love of beauty and truth.

His own genial and idealistic view of life is reflected in the characters and personalities which he brought to life, and now that he has taken his place among the noble shades of the long period of 600 B.C. to A.D. 600, the artisans, the architects, the poets, the merchants, the rulers, the governors, even the shade of the supreme ruler, Croesus, will be grateful to him. We hear them murmuring, "We have been charged with a mere love of gain and of the gold of Pactolus. You have shown the world that we loved beauty, that we kept our covenants, that we honored our deities." Still more will the shades of ancient Syria, and the shades

of honorable men and women of the early Christian Church, from its very beginnings beneath the shadows of the ruined pillars of Sardis to the glorious temples of Syria, honor and welcome him.

The span of Butler's life as an Explorer was only twenty-two years; his name and his influence will endure as many centuries. So in *our* bereavement we are consoled by *his* immortality.

“ . . . That which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.”¹

¹Alfred Tennyson. *Ulysses*. Last four lines.

Professor Allan Marquand, in behalf of the Faculty of the University, read the following Minute adopted by that body:

PROFESSOR MARQUAND

THE Faculty of Princeton University places on its record this Minute concerning the death of Professor Howard Crosby Butler:

He started on what proved to be a very eminent career, relying solely on his own slender means, his native abilities and the fine home training given by his honored parents. It is the tale of a gifted American boy overcoming disheartening difficulties by quiet effort and winning his way to well-earned international renown.

As an investigator in archaeology he formed and led three expeditions into the Syrian Desert and two expeditions for excavating ancient Sardis. His tact and personal bravery in dealing with turbulent conditions among wild tribes and the many picturesque experiences he encountered invested his expeditions with the charm of romance. The discoveries made under his direction, already published or to be published, have disclosed and interpreted for the modern world long-lost treasures of knowledge regarding the successive

Lydian, Greek, Syrian and Roman civilizations. It was a fitting tribute to his leadership that he was unanimously chosen a year ago by the Archaeological Institute of America to be the Chairman of its newly created Research Commission which is to draft a plan for all enterprises of exploration, excavation and publication to be undertaken by the archaeologists of America for a generation to come:

As a Professor of the History of Architecture he was unique in our land. More than an able technician or professional expert, he stood almost alone in transcending his subject and in revealing it against its broad and deep historic background both as complete in itself and as an organic part of human achievement.

As a teacher he had a subtle instinct for divining and evoking the latent powers of those he taught. His calmly patient counsels, freely given and gladly taken, wakened his students individually and in groups to efforts they had formerly thought impossible, and finally created a living force strong enough to found our School of Architecture to carry out the high purposes he had aroused in them.

As Master in Residence at "Merwick" and then in the Graduate College he gave the last seventeen years of his life to moulding inti-

mately the minds and hearts of those who dwelt with him there. His scholarly tone, his poise of character, his spirituality, and his personal grace exerted a pure and deep influence on succeeding generations of students. Those who were privileged to live in close daily comradeship with him in the Graduate College best know how ready and sympathetic was his interest, how penetrating and stimulating his advice in all the problems wherein men sought his guidance. He had a genius for friendship, irresistibly drawing young men about him and touching all by the love of beauty, devotion to things of the mind, and scorn of the trivial and base, which in him united to form a shining pattern of true learning and gentle living.

Dr. Edward Robinson was the next speaker:

DR. ROBINSON

WHEN he was in his ninety-third year, John Bigelow told me that, looking back upon his long life, he could not recall a single instance of a death in his circle of family and friends in which he was not convinced that the person, however young, had died at the best time for his or her own welfare and happiness, no matter how great the grief of those that were left, or how cruel they may have thought the blow.

This attitude betokens a perfection of faith which is not always easy to attain, yet if we look into our own experience we may be astonished to find how often it is justified, whether by knowledge had at the time or gained afterwards. How is it with the friend whom we are gathered here to commemorate today? It is hard to believe now that we shall have this consolation in his case, but may we not hope that time will bring it? Are there not already some indications which point that way?

He was, to be sure, cut down in the flower of his manhood, when we might have looked forward to many years of useful and valuable work to come, yet already he had accomplished

more than falls to the lot of many a man of equal ambition in a much longer span of life. In his chosen field of archaeological research he had the privilege of knowing that he had materially advanced the world's knowledge. His life was one of happy achievement. With a baffling serenity he made his way through the difficulties of enlisting support for his projects as he did later through the unknown Syrian desert and the mass of earth which buried Sardis. Beneath that gentleness of voice and manner which was so endearing yet so highly deceptive to those who did not really know him, were a will of steel and an indomitable disposition which made him oblivious of all obstacles, however serious they appeared to his advisers, and he vanquished them.

What would have been the effect on such a temperament if he could have known of the disaster that was so soon to follow his last visit to the scene of his highest hopes?

Fortunately for him and for us his work at Sardis was neither lost nor wasted. By a coincidence which seems like an act of Providence his book on the subject left the press just as his death was approaching; and in the new wing of the Metropolitan Museum, now about to be completed, it is our hope that some of the treasures of art brought to light through his excavations may be permanently

installed in a separate room, to be known as the "Sardis Gallery." Such a gallery must inevitably become, as we intend that it shall, an enduring monument to him.

President Hibben then read this letter from Dr. David G. Hogarth, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, University of Oxford:

DR. HOGARTH

I SHOULD lay with equal pleasure and sorrow such a wreath as I may on Butler's grave. He was one of the most single-minded, thorough going and courageous explorers that I have known. His suavity *in modo* hardly prepared one for the very stout heart that was in him and for the self-discipline to which he could subject himself. I remember the shock of surprise with which I heard in Aleppo in 1908 how, on one occasion when he found his messengers nervous of riding up from the country east of Hamah to fetch the cash necessary for his party, he excused them and rode up himself with (I think) a single attendant and returned through a disturbed and brigand-infested district with more than enough money on his person to have attracted all the thieves of Syria. He never required anyone to do what he would not do himself, and spared himself less than others.

Both the work he organized and did in Syria and the publication of it are wholly creditable to him and to American scholarship. He was thorough to the verge of meti-

lousness; his faults, if any, being ever on the right side! For his initiation, organization, and conduct of the Sardis excavation all the learned world is in his debt. So far as it has gone, it is a model excavation, and the best of all memorials to him would be its continuance and completion on the lines that he laid down. But it will be difficult to find again in one man his combination of determination, diplomacy and driving power—and all three will be tested to the full before so great a work is carried through. That one should require so much from his successor is, perhaps, the measure of the tribute due to Butler.

Of his friendship to myself and his sympathy with us which he lost no time in declaring seven years ago, I need not speak. He placed his intimate knowledge of remote parts of Syria at our service, but we were long in penetrating to the points he had reached and mapped. Had he lived, public recognition of his services to his generation and to science would not have been long in forthcoming from this side. As it is we can only think of what might have been.

*Dr. Henry van Dyke, whose close friendship
Mr. Butler treasured, read these lines:*

DR. VAN DYKE

HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER: EXPLORER AND TEACHER

Passed Onward, August 13, 1922

Who hath entered into the peace of wisdom;
And to whom hath the gladness of understanding
been revealed?

A man whose eyes were cleared by love and
sorrow,

And whose feet forsook not the path of duty;
A man who travelled the world as one going a
journey,

Yet daily he found and shared good cheer by the
way.

To him it was given to serve both truth and
beauty,

And in his flesh he was obedient to the Spirit:
Therefore the passing forms of time did not
deceive him,

For his heart was fixed, trusting in the Eternal.

To him the ages past were a book of wondrous
knowledge,

And he applied himself diligently to learn their
secrets:

In the dust of buried cities he discovered treasure,
And from graven stones, long forgotten, he read
the story of man.

The desert and the solitary place had no terror
for him,
Among the children of wild tribes he was welcome
and beloved;
For he was a good captain, following his Master,
And the greatness of his learning made him kind
to men.

Gentle was his speech, yet clear as crystal;
The lightness of his touch was a sign of strength.
In the companies of the young he was a wise and
pleasant comrade,
And to the councils of the elders he brought a
friendly joy;
For his way was not after the manners of the
heathen,
But his presence spoke of honor and good will.

In a far city he came to the end of his journey,
Alone but not afraid, for his Dearest Friend was
near.
So he entered the valley of the shadow without
trembling,
And when the dark gate opened it was a door of
gold.

Verily the work of his hands is established,
And the beauty of the Lord is upon it.
By the towers of Princeton we shall see him no
more,
But in a city that hath foundations
Whose builder and maker is God.

The next speaker was Captain Robert O'Connor, who delivered a memorial on behalf of present and former students of the Graduate College:

CAPTAIN O'CONNOR

IN the death of Howard Crosby Butler the students in the Graduate College have suffered a loss which we have come to feel with increasing poignancy as time passes. An inspiring scholar, who made us realize the beauty and joy of learning, as well as its value, who never ceased to hold up before us all by his own example and friendly counsel the standard of absolute intellectual integrity; a sure and forceful director, who showed us that confident repose and suavity of manner are true signs of certainty of purpose, he stood among us an example of learning, profound yet not narrow, a world authority in his own field, with interest in all. Yet it was to our friend that in our most anxious moments we carried our troubles, scholastic, social or personal, sure of his unerring understanding of his human nature, of his ready sympathy, of advice judicious, unselfish, and complete. Possessed of a fund of humour, he was always ready to add to its store and his hearers were richer from his experience. To share his friendship was a privilege we all cov-

eted and prized. His death has robbed us of our priceless possession. No longer do we climb the staircase to the Master's rooms. The friendly light in the tower which seemed to burn for us, is gone out.

The Memorial was signed by a Representative Committee consisting of:

A. M. FRIEND, HARALD INGHOLT, CHARLES P. JOHNSON, S. LAWRENCE LEVENGOOD, ROBERT B. O'CONNOR, W. FREDERICK STOHLMAN, LOUIS A. TURNER, S. L. WRIGHT, JR., AND JOHN A. WYETH.

Presenting the last speaker President Hibben said:

“In our family group in Princeton the one who stood nearest to Howard Butler, who enjoyed the most intimate relations with him not only here in the Graduate College but in the days of the beginnings of this great enterprise and merit, is Dean West, and our service this afternoon will be concluded by him.”

DEAN WEST

IT is nine years within one day since this household of knowledge was dedicated publicly, with ceremonies of dignity and beauty, to the glory of God and the advancement of knowledge. Autumn feelings in any year after a golden Summer are apt to be tinged with some hues of sadness, and even more is this the case today when we think of the high spirit and purpose with which Professor Butler nine years ago entered upon the life of this Graduate College. His presence, his memory, his spirit pervade it, and I trust will pervade it forever; for to him in large part is due the controlling impulse which guides its life.

The theory that the workman is greater than his work, that it is a greater thing to be

a man than it is to be a scholar and greater than all to be both a man and a scholar;—that was his high thought, the great example of his life and of all that he was and did.

I cannot trust myself to speak intimately of all his associations with the Graduate College; for never have I known such unaffected grief of the deepest sort on the part of students for any teacher; and this is the tribute of tributes. His collected works are not only his publications on the Syrian Desert and the ancient royal city of Sardis, but this group of devoted students who cherish and enshrine his memory. He was a wonderful man in many ways. As a teacher he had a sort of divination which enabled him to perceive almost in an instant the best in any man's mind and to quicken it to a degree the student himself had believed almost impossible. He raised the efforts of many from the mediocre and commonplace levels to the highest peak of achievement. He literally saved men. I do not know how he did it, but it was the art of divination, the art of the miner who detects gold, the art of the lover which intuitively finds the object of affection.

As a professor of architecture he was a master in architecture. Other men have been masters in architecture, great masters in that study,—but he was more. He transcended

his subject. He was much larger than his subject. He saw it emerge from the vast historical background as a part of human knowledge and stand clearly in its place in the panorama of civilized achievement.

As an explorer he had an inborn ability to read the Oriental mind. He had candor combined with subtle skill, and though sensitive, he was always calm. He did not know what fear was. It was not mere confidence with him. It was unconsciousness of fear. Difficulties never discouraged him. There was a fine, steel-like endurance beneath that gentle, friendly exterior which deceived many persons at first sight and which enabled him to deal with sure skill with the desert tribes, which took him to cure the wounded chieftain, which ventured safely on daring excursions, which took him without weapons to quell disturbances among Turks, Armenians, and Greeks. It was a wonderful power. He knew the Eastern mind, and how he knew it is beyond me to say. It was a gift of genius. If we were to ask for a motto for his life, I think the saying of an old Italian scholar would be most fitting. It was: "I go to wake the dead." Professor Butler did wake the dead,—dead impulses in students to newness of life, dead cities of the Orient rising again under his magical touch. It was the life inspiring, the life arousing, the life elevating. It

was more; it was a gentle self-effacing influence. And with it all no thought of reference to himself; never a word of praise for himself, always praising others. He was one of those men, perhaps too rare, who are ever strict with themselves and ever charitable toward others. It was the secret of his life. He was thoughtful and practical, resolute and tactful, delicate and strong, a marvelous combination of seemingly contradictory things. And above all, he "wore the white flower of a blameless life."

Of his life here at Princeton I cannot say much now except to recall the winter evenings when he would steal over from the tower to the house nearby and we would sit by the bright fire and talk over the events of the day here or of his days in Sardis, or in the rocky Syrian Desert, or in the borders of Arabia. Story after story he painted, romantic, pictorial, alluring,—so that you wanted to leave everything else and follow him to the end of the world and waken the dead civilizations to a new life.

And although he has gone, instead of a note of sadness there is a note of comfort. He lived a life of faith. He was a Christian man. And as I muse on his life, ended here, I can think of nothing in all classical literature which so closely approaches the Christian spirit and so truly images our purest hopes about him as the

lovely line of Theocritus about the child asleep in the cradle: "Blest be your slumber; more blest your waking in the morning."

*These verses from the Hymn "For all the Saints,"
were sung:*

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest. Alleluia!

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their
might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well-fought
fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way. Alleluia!

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest
coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless
host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!
Amen.

The Scriptural Benediction from the third chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians was pronounced by Bishop Matthews:

BISHOP MATTHEWS

ALMIGHTY GOD, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fullness of God. Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

THE Organ Postlude, Bach's "Blessed Savior, We Attend," which with the Prelude was especially loved by Mr. Butler, was played by Dr. Russell, the audience remaining standing. The Academic Procession then filed out.

The ushers at the Service were resident members of the Graduate College who had been particularly intimate with Professor Butler: Messrs. Paul M. Cuncannon, Bateman Edwards, Thomas H. English, Albert M. Friend, Howard S. Leach, S. Lawrence Levengood, E. Ritzema Perry, Richard Stillwell, W. Frederick Stohlman, Louis A. Turner, and John A. Wyeth.

IN PROCTER HALL

AFTER THE SERVICE IN MEMORY OF HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER

SYDNEY L. WRIGHT JR.

Honor the dead! Can any word of ours
Add honor to his life? The organ sang,
The bow passed gently over thrilling chords,
And scholars robed in honors earned, arose
To speak from hearts whose wisdom taught the
depth of loss.

Calmness and Strength! Learning and
Gentleness!
The life he led, Another taught before,
Who greets him now; while we, who mourn his
loss,
Have joy that we have felt the calm repose
That speaks a steadfast purpose and well ordered
mind.

Catching a gleam of beauty from the sun,
The pictured panes, resplendent, showed the
Christ
Amidst disciple lights, the Arts and Sciences,
Whose glowing figures seemed a solemn pledge:
"We, whom he truly served will, keep his
memory bright."
And growing brilliance clothed the Hall with
gentle light.

MINUTE OF THE ORIENTAL CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA

Adopted November 9, 1922

JUST three months ago HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER, member of this club, arrived in Paris on his way home from Sardis, alone, and weak with malarial fever. Two days later he was removed from his hotel to the American hospital at Neuilly, where he died of heart disease on the 13th of August. By his death, at fifty, in the prime of his career, this Club has lost a valued member, Princeton University a remarkably able teacher, lecturer, and scholar, and American architecture and American archaeology one of their most constructive contributors.

The record of Mr. Butler's life is a record of consistent, and often brilliant, achievement. He was born at Croton Falls, Westchester County, New York, on the 7th of March, 1872. After preparation at Lyon's Collegiate Institute and the Berkeley School in the city of New York, he entered the sophomore class at Princeton, where he graduated in 1892 with the degree of A.B. His graduate study included work at Princeton University, where he received his A.M. degree and was university fellow in archaeology; at the School of Architecture in Columbia University, where he was greatly influenced by Professor Ware; at the American School of Classical Studies

in Rome, where he held a fellowship; and at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens.

Upon his return from Greece Mr. Butler was appointed lecturer on architecture in Princeton University; in 1905 he became professor of art and archaeology; in 1919 his title was changed to that of professor of the history of architecture; in 1920 he was made director of the School of Architecture, for the organization of which he was largely responsible. He was a member of the Archaeological Institute of America, American Institute of Architects, Architectural League, American Oriental Society, Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies, Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies, American Geographical Society, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the Oriental Club of Philadelphia. He was particularly active in the Archaeological Institute, which he has served as president of the New Jersey Society, as a member of the Council, and on various committees. In 1921 he was chosen as chairman of the Research Commission to coordinate the activities of the Institute in the work of exploration and excavation for many years to come. In 1910 he was awarded the Drexel Gold Medal for his archaeological achievements.

But Mr. Butler's career was not spent entirely within academic walls. His life was rich and full, and included travel, exploration, and even adventure. His interest in Syrian archaeology had early been aroused by the writings of his friend, Comte Melchior de Vogüé, and in 1899-1900 Mr. Butler organized the American Archaeological

Expedition to Syria, which added extensively to the material gathered by the earlier explorer. In 1904-1905 and 1909 he returned to Syria as director of the Princeton Expeditions. The results of all these expeditions are contained, for the most part, in the Publications of the American Archaeological Expedition to Syria, to which Mr. Butler contributed part ii, 'Architecture and Other Arts,' in the Publications of the Princeton Expeditions to Syria, to which he contributed division ii, 'Architecture;' and in numerous reports read before the Archaeological Institute and published in the American Journal of Archaeology.

The successful organization and direction of these expeditions required many and various qualities. Mr. Butler raised the funds, selected his associates, led them in person, and made his own photographs, drawings and casts. Those who have accompanied him to the East have been much impressed by his skill in handling men and by his personal courage. Professor Allan Marquand tells of his braving the Bedouins of the Syrian desert unsupported by the guards that are usually considered necessary, and of an uprising among the natives at Sardis, when all the others ran to their quarters for guns or pistols and Mr. Butler, unassisted and armed only with a bamboo cane, quelled the insurrection.

In 1910 Mr. Butler organized the American Society for the Excavation of Sardis, and he has directed the excavations that have so far been made. The war put a stop to the work between

1914 and 1922, but it was renewed last spring. The publication of the results of these excavations will fill seventeen volumes and cover architecture, sculpture, inscriptions, pottery, coins, jewelry, etc. Mr. Butler's first volume, giving an account, under the title 'Sardis,' of the excavations between 1910 and 1914, has recently appeared, being vol. i, part i (1922) of the Publications of the American Society for the Excavation of Sardis. And the second volume, on the Temple of Artemis, is, fortunately, in the stage of paged proof.

In addition to those mentioned, the publications of Mr. Butler include two semi-popular works, 'Scotland's Ruined Abbeys' (1900) and the 'Story of Athens' (1902), both illustrated with his own sketches. He has contributed frequent articles and reports to the American Journal of Archaeology, *Revue Archéologique*, American Architect, Architecture and Building, and many other journals.

Mr. Butler was a man of inherited refinement and of profoundly wide culture, well poised and reserved, but always courteous, amiable, and sympathetic. He will be most missed at Princeton, where his personality was best known. He touched so many phases of university life. As Master in Residence at the Graduate College he was the guide and inspiration of advanced students in all branches of humanistic study. As a faculty adviser he was the helpful friend of many undergraduates. He organized almost single-handed the new School of Architecture, and se-

cured the funds for the fine building that is to house it. He taught with brilliant success large classes of students. His papers and addresses were a constant stimulus to the intellectual life of the institution.

On the 21st of October a service in memory of Mr. Butler was held in Procter Hall of the Princeton Graduate College. Tributes were read by President John Grier Hibben, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, Dr. Edward Robinson, Professor Allan Marquand, Dr. David G. Hogarth, Professor Henry van Dyke, and Dean Andrew F. West. These tributes will shortly be published in book form, together with a memoir and a complete bibliography of Mr. Butler's writings. Dr. Robinson has announced that a room in the Metropolitan Museum will be set aside, to be known as the Sardis room, in which some of Mr. Butler's discoveries will be placed, thus establishing a perpetual monument to his memory.

MESSAGE OF HALIL EDHEM BEY

DIRECTOR OF THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN
MUSEUM

*UNITED STATES HIGH COMMISSION
American Embassy Constantinople*

November 10, 1922.

President John Grier Hibben,
Princeton University,
Princeton, New Jersey.

SIR:

The Director of the Imperial Museum at Constantinople, Halil Edhem Bey, has asked me to convey to you, and through you to Princeton University, his very deep sympathy at the loss which has been sustained in the death of Professor H. C. Butler. Halil Bey adds that not only is this an irreparable loss from the point of view of the science to which Professor Butler made so many and such important contributions, but for those who knew him and were associated with him there is also a profound sense of personal sorrow.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,

MARK L. BRISTOL

UNITED STATES HIGH COMMISSIONER
REAR-ADMIRAL UNITED STATES NAVY

INES IN MEMORY OF HOWARD CROSBY BUTLER

EDWARD STEESE

We shall not hear his voice, nor touch his hand,
See wisdom face to face, nor quiet mirth
Shall share with him, nor music, nor things
planned
Enjoy as if fulfilled. There is a dearth
Come to our lives, who knew him. He is dead.
We cannot tell of him as should be told,
Nor reproduce his spirit. He is dead.
Sorrow our hearts doth hold.
Friends . . . those who knew him, all,
Lower the simple pall,
And bow the head.
He would not have us mourn, but gently miss
His kindness, and if his soul has shone
To light our hearts with courage of the dawn,
He would have gladly smiled. But now that too
has gone.
One hope of understanding, less;
One ray of simple gentleness;
One guiding hand with genius in its touch
Has passed.

This man was such
In spirit that he gave,
Nor would he bend to save
Himself for others.

Modest his name, but great
The love we bore him. Rather would he be known
As friend than as the master.

Now abate
Your grief awhile, for this sweet life has sown
In our remembering hearts a constancy
Of hope and wisdom, and an eager breath
That shall not fail. Pay the earth's obsequies.
His soul borne in our hearts shall not know death.

RESOLUTION OF THE
ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
OF AMERICA

Adopted December 27, 1922

RESOLVED: that the Archaeological Institute of America hereby records its profound sorrow at the untimely death of Professor Howard Crosby Butler of Princeton University, Chairman of the recently created Research Commission of the Institute.

His organizing power, continuous energy, intrepid courage and quick insight were combined with a rare personal attractiveness and marked him as a born leader. During the last twenty years the successive expeditions planned and conducted by him for exploration in the Syrian Desert and for the excavation of Ancient Sardis have greatly extended and enriched modern knowledge of older civilizations in the Near East, and with his exceptional achievements as a stimulating teacher and authoritative writer give him a place among the foremost archaeologists of our time.

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